

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

Bru. Portia: What meane you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours, neither. Y'haue vngently Brutus

Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd vpon me, with vngentle looks.

I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry waffer of your hand

Gaue signe for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,

Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;

And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of griefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall

To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus sicke?
And will he steale out of his whoosome bed

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my Brutus,

You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,

Which by the Right and Vertue of my place

Iought to know of: And vpon my knees,

I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,

By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow

Which did incorporate and make vs one,

That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe

Why you are heauy: and what men to night

Haue had resort to you: for heere haue bene

Some fixe or seuen, who did hide their faces

Euen from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle Portia.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,

Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets

That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,

But as it were in sort, or limitation?

To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,

And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,

As deere to me, as are the ruddy dropes

That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: *Caio's* Daughter.

Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex

Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:

I haue made strong prooue of my Constancie,

Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound

Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,

And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Hark, hark, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,

And by and by thy bosome shall partake

The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will contrue to thee,

All the Charactery of my sad browes:

Leaue me with hast.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caio Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caio Ligarius*, how?

Caio. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you chose out braue *Caio*!

To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Caio. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,

Had you a healthfull care to heare of it.

Caio. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,

I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,

Braue Sonne, deriud from Honourable Loines,

Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,

And I will striue with things impossible;

Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,

That will make sicke men whole.

Caio. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caio*,

I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Caio. Set on your foote,

And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth

That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,

Haue bene at peace to night:

Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,

Helpe, ho: They murther *Caesar*. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.

Caes. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Caesar*? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stur out of your house to day.

Caes. *Caesar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,

Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see

The face of *Caesar*, they are vanished.

Calp.

Calp. *Caesar*, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,

Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,

Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.

A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,

And Graues haue yawn'd, and yelded vp their dead;

Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds

In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre

Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:

The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:

Horfles do neigh, and dying men did grone,

And Ghosts did shricke and squeale about the streets.

O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all vie,

And I do feare them.

Caes. What can be auoyded

Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?

Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Preditions

Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar*.

Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seene,

The Heauens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes

Caes. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,

The valiant neuer taste of death but once:

Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,

It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,

Seeing that death, a necessary end

Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.

Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,

They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Caes. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:

Caesar should be a Beast without a heart

If he should stay at home to day for feare:

No *Caesar* shall not; Danger knows full well

That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.

We heare two Lyons luter'd in one day,

And the elder and more terrible,

And *Caesar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,

Your wisdome is confum'd in confidence:

Donot go forth to day: Call it my feare,

That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.

Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,

And he shall say, you are not well to day:

Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

Caes. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,

And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Deci. *Caesar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,

I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,

To beare my greeting to the Senators,

And tell them that I will not come to day:

Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.

Caes. Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?

Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,

To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:

Decius, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause,

Left I be laught at when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,

That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your priuate satisfi

Because I loue you, I will

Calphurnia heere my wife,

She dreamt to night, she

Which like a fountaine, w

Did run pure blood: and

Came smiling, & did bat

And these does she apply.

And euils imminent; and

Hath begg'd, that I will

Deci. This Dreame is

It was a vision, faire and

Your Statue spouting blo

In which so many smiling

Signifies, that from you g

Reuiuing blood, and that

For Tinctures, Staines, Re

This by *Calphurnia's* Dre

Caes. And this way ha

Deci. I haue, when yo

And know it now, the Se

To gine this day, a Crow

If you shall send them wo

Their mindes may change

Apt to be render'd, for fo

Breake vp the Senate, till

When *Caesar's* wife shall m

If *Caesar* hide himselfe, th

Loe *Caesar* is afraid?

Pardon me *Caesar*, for my

To your proceeding, bid

And reason to my loue is

Caes. How foolish do y

I am ashamed I did yeeld

Giue me my Robe, for I

Enter Brutus, Ligari

nus, Cym

And looke where *Publius*

Pub. Good morrow

Caes. Welcome *Publi*

What *Brutus*, are you fir

Good morrow *Caes*: *Ca*

Caesar was ne're so much

As that same Age which

What is't a Clocke?

Bru. *Caesar*, 'tis struck

Caes. I thank you for

Enter

See, *Antony* that Reuels

Is notwithstanding vp.

Ant. So to most Nob

Caes. Bid them prepar

I am too blame to be thu

Now *Cynna*, now *Metell*

I haue an houres talke in

Remember that you call

Be neere me, that I may

Treb. *Caesar* I will: an

That your best Friends sh

Caes. Good Friends go

And we (like Friends) w

Bru. That euery like

The heart of *Brutus* earn

Enter

Caesar, beware of *Bru*